

CHAIRSHOTS

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John Hitchcock 93



SHOOTKICK

by Jeff Bowdren

No song lyrics. No quotes from movies. This time I've got a real burr up my butt. My very 1st Shootkick for Chairshots was about Fritz "Taking up space here on Mother Earth" Von Erich. I got phone calls and letters from people, both complaining and being complimentary, about how hard I was on Fritz. Maybe since then I've become a little namby pamby. Maybe I've gone soft. Maybe its time for me to shed a layer of skin and let loose a steeltoed Shootkick right to the orbital bone of this month's winner, one Sidney Eudy/Humongous/Vicious/Justice/Vicious. Yet, I'm almost remiss in giving old Softball Sid the award. I mean really, is it his fault that idiotic wrestling promoters keep hiring and re-hiring him?

The wrestler known as Sid Vicious certainly is a paradox. Here's a guy who looks like an absolute monster, who has an undeniable weird sort of charisma, yet has never proven himself to be any sort of a draw. It has been said and written that Sid (and I'm being oh so kind here) is perhaps not the best person to have around the lockerroom, what with the constant bitching and moaning about one thing or another. Yet, somehow this(brace yourself Teal)fuckin' goof keeps finding employment! HELLO!! Can I get someone to acknowledge one very big case of brain vaporlock going on throughout the wrestling world? I mean, am I the only one wbu'dn't pay Mr. Protruding Forehead a red nickel to work a show?

What's interesting is that 15 years ago Sid Vicious could've made a fortune as an opponent for an underdog babyface like Bob Backlund. But in today's market of declining interest by television and ticket buying public, you have to ask yourself why in the world a promoter would want to put up with a headcase like this. Hey, if the guy was a tremendous worker, or was packing the fans in the arenas, maybe you could deal with the annoyance of putting up with a superstars petty quirks and demands. This guy, despite what he might think, is neither. He's proven nothing over the course of what I'll generously call his career except that he is notoriously unreliable, having walked out or threatened to walk out after a major program has been locked into and advertised for a P.P.V. or major network show. His latest snit has to do with Sid's apparent reluctance to submit to a steroid test. What a shocker, huh? Old Mr. Major Back Acne getting nervous about a 'roid test. It's a little past the ridiculous, it's flat-out sublime. What is ridiculous though is that this guy even has a job in this business. All the little weasels in Atlanta who hired, then (this is the good part folks) REHIRED him, should be standing in a soupline somewhere. Hey Sid, do us all a favor. Go stick your protruding forehead into a toilet (if it fits) and give the thing a big flush...

Am I the only one noticing a definite lack of damn near anything happening out there? Its times like these that we need a good old fashioned sheet war!! Okay, I'll do my part. J.D. McKay getting mail c/o a drive-in?!? Hey that might sound great to Joe Bob Briggs, but I can't see hanging the "Home Sweet Home" sign from the front door of the drive-in? Actually I've heard that the reason that J.D. is living there is because he is getting ready to do some sort of biography on Eddie Gilbert. Can you say "obsessive behavior"? There, I did my part. Someone say something snotty about Bruce Mitchell or Wade.....

ARENA RAMBLINGS

BY RON LEMIEUX

Philly indy style wrestling came to the Tampa Fairgrounds on September 24th. Tony Aragona, Jimmy Berkley, Chris Qualmann, and myself made the trek where we sat front row for what truly was the best independant card I've seen in Florida. As soon as you walked in the door of the building you knew what part of the deal was to get the Heavenly Bodies on this show as the merchandise table had Smoky Mountain T-shirts as well as some tapes of SMW. They even had a monitor with the last "Fire On The Mountain" card running. Nancy Sullivan in all her glory was also selling Kevin Sullivan and Woman merchandise. In what turned out to be the worst bogus announcement made by a promotion, the ring announcer said before the card that ALL wrestlers that were advertised were here. The opening match saw Firecat (Brady Boone) defeat Samoan Savage in 12:10. Savage worked other area indies as Coconut Man and is really not that good although he showed alot in this bout. When the card was first announced, Firecat was to face Sabu but the program did have the correction in it. Bout went from no heat at all (estimate crowd at 900 although reports were 1,200) to decent heat as both worked hard and they took it out of the ring for awhile. I've always enjoyed watching Boone. Brady won it with a wild roll up that I can't describe. *** 2) Greg Valentine and Dory Funk, Jr. went to a twenty minute draw at 16:33. This match blew away Funk, Jr.-Bookwinkle from the PPV. Dory is in great shape. Lots of old time fans here as they popped big when Dory started hitting his patented forearm smashes. At the ten minute mark they took it outside the ring where Dory overturned a table on Greg. While the brawl was going on a 350 pound guy got in front of Chris to which Chris responded, "Hey Mark Madden, sit down." *** 3) Kevin Sullivan and Dan Spivey went to a double DQ at 7:02. Rip off of the night as The Sheik was advertised and in the program yet wasn't there. We had heard three weeks prior that he wouldn't be there yet billed him anyways. I didn't miss him that much. Bout was a great brawl from start to finish as they took it in the stands. The finish was called soon after Sullivan came over to us and gave Chris a chop to the head. Chris initially sold it as he slumped in his chair but as he started to grin I whispered, "Sell it damn it." He hit the floor like a rock. Wrestlers really shouldn't do that because it exposes the business more than anything. If Sully had really hit him he would have been carried out. But Chris didn't want to leave the show so five minutes later he's okay. **** 4) Al & Lou Perez (billed as Florida tag champs) beat the Heavenly Bodies (billed as U.S. tag champs, announcer said they won them two nights prior in Barberville, KY) Well, at least they used an SMW city. So now Perez's supposedly have both belts. Cornette sent a personalized tape ripping Tampa used to introduce the Bodies. This was a homecoming for Backlund and he and Prichard tore the house down. They had so much heel heat it was tremendous. We were chanting "piper, Piper" at Prichard and he gave us a quizzing look. Time was 24:55 so we got lots of action. Both Bodies were coming off the ropes and Al tripped Backlund and Lou hit Tom with a flying bodypress for the win. After the bout, Backlund was chasing announcer Johnny G. Lyons when a fan threw a beer at him and Jimmy decked the guy. *** 3/4 5) In what should have been the opening bout of the night, Steve Keirn beat Ted DiBiase in 15:59 with a roll up while Ted was trying to revive the ref after a ref bump. Lots of Doink signs all around. Only bout of the night that really was subpar. After the bout, Ted beat up both refs. * NOTES: The card was promoted under the PWF banner. They'll return to this arena in November. Even though they had a good crowd, they probably lost money as they did mega advertising. The latter is a concern as we worry they may go to cheaper talent such as using the other regular indy guys that were hanging around like leeches tonight....Tony wore his Sheik shirt and got about 6 offers from people to buy it. The most aggressive were two guys originally from Detroit who use to see Sheik in Cobo Hall. After the show, the four of us went to McDonalds for a hamburger. (Yeah, right.)

Quick Bits: Two matches announced for Survivor Series. Main event will see Yokozuna, Barga, Quebecers vs. Steiners, Luger, Tatanka. Also Martel, IRS, Diesel, Atom Bomb vs. Lightning Kid, Perfect, Jannetty, Ramon. What a waste of a good babyface team....Tatanka took his first loss at the hands of Barga and a chairshot at the tapings. Yoko camtin and delivered 2 bonzais until Lex tried to make the save but was attacked by Quebecers.... November Clash moved up a week to 11/10 in St. Pete....WCW Saturday Night 9/29 taping results (non-squashes- thanks to Lenis Sargent) Flair beat Kwan, Arn Anderson and Steve Regal drew, Vader over Ricky Steamboat via DQ when Cactus interfered (real good bout), Badd over Orndorff via top rope DQ, Nasties over Houston & Whitley, Sting downed Eaton, Brian Pillman returned and teamed with Austin. Rob Parker then came out to talk to Steve about his US title match with Dustin while Pillman didn't look too pleased, Cactus over Kwan in a falls count anywhere match, Vader beat Steamboat in a lumberjack match when Sid came in and powerbombed Ricky while the ref wasn't looking. .. Lenis said a pretty good taping....Sorry, but Razor Ramon as I-C champ means nothing to me. And what's the recent push of Rick Martel all about? Never mind, I don't want to know....I'll be on vacation in New England the third week of October and I'll get to see Bill Wilcox and Freight Train Fulton on an indy in New Hampshire. Looking forward to it. See ya next time. Ron

Sucker Punch

BY BARRY ROSE

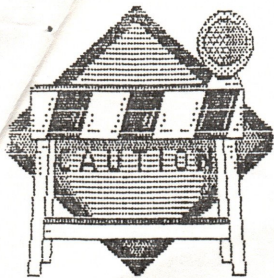


I think we all remember our very first time pretty fondly. No, I'm not talking about the backseat at some drive-in, condoms, or premature ejaculation. I'm talking about the first time we stepped foot into a building to watch the spectacle of spectacles, wrestling. I can still feel the magic coursing through my tired, old bones. It was 1973, and Johnny "tell Greg to call me" Valentine was in the main event against Tim "Mr. Wrestling" Woods for the prestigious Southern Heavyweight Title. With my dad practically pulling me into the Miami Beach Convention Center, I recall many things that seemed so unimportant then, but mean the world to me now. I remember the shiny, just polished looking floor. I remember the sound of ushers ripping tickets in half. I remember the smell of hotdogs and popcorn coming from the concession stand, and I can still see the bug-eyed vendor who hawked this stuff for so many years. I can still feel the cushion of the blue vinyl chair that I sat on, and I can still hear my dad's voice telling me that referee Stu Schwartz needs glasses because he didn't see a damn thing that night. But most of all I can still hear the roar of the crowd, and Johnny Valentine certainly had them riled up that night. Valentine was a heel's heel. As late as last year, Cowboy Bill and Big Dust were trying to find someone that they were describing "a new Johnny Valentine". Whether it was his intimidating look or seemingly brutal ring antics, Johnny knew how to work the crowd his way. He'd simply demolish his opponent. This night Valentine had the crowd up in arms. Woods was a bland, whitebread babyface that crowds in the seventies seemed to love so much. They wrestled a typical, methodical seventies style match, with the ref taking a bump after about fifteen minutes. Valentine threw Woods out of the ring, then nailed him with a CHAIRSHOT. He pushed him back into the ring, gave him a succession of elbows, awakened the ref, and then covered him. As the ref handed Johnny the belt, fans started voicing their displeasure. Then the cups filled with ice and soda started raining on the ring. Miami Beach Police, who doubled as security at the weekly cards, started throwing fans out. That's when the trouble started. People tried to get into the ring, and the unlucky ones who got past the cops, got leveled by Valentine. I remember inept ring announcer Frank Freeman getting on the mic and threatening anyone who either threw something in the ring or tried to enter the ring would be ejected from the building. Hell Frank, they were getting pummeled by Johnny, who stood tall in the ring. After five or so minutes, the cops had things under control and Valentine proudly strolled to the dressing room. I sat there firmly believing that wrestling was real and my dad seemed as confused by the whole situation as Lenny Kravitz is at a family reunion. I'll never forget my first time, and in some ways this one was a whole lot better than the other first time.

Yeesh, enough already. I took a lot of crap the last couple of weeks because of my hinting at a Toni Adams rumor. I'm surprised at just how many of you actually do have lives and didn't hear about this. Where are your priorities? Whaddaya have jobs or something? Anyways, after enough prodding from you guys, I'm gonna tell you. Again, I want to stress that this is just a rumor, and that while many of you will nodoubt be wishing feverishly for this to be real, we just don't know. Toni was recently arrested in Memphis for prostitution and hubby Chris was her, ahem, manager (or as Michael Keaton's character in the movie "Nightshift" would say-"Love Broker") and the going rate was five hundred bucks a night. Why do I see Harry White booking a flight to Memphis immediately? Remember, this is just a rumor. Maybe I'll tell you next issue who IS responsible for writing the phony letter to the Observer and signing that Hialeah, FL guys name to it. Maybe.

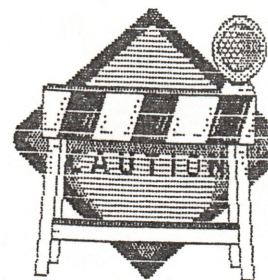
I'll tell ya, I'm so excited about this thirty page edition of CS, that my heart's beating like I just shot 25cc of anabolic steroids. Due to be published on December 15, this ish will be the first time that all CS columnists will appear together. John Hitchcock will be making a written contribution as well as submitting a cover "that will blow you away." Guest contributors will include Sheldon Goldberg from Mat Marketplace, Jeff Lynch with a report on underground wrestling videos, a possible piece from Wrestle Rap radio show's Cody Boyns, plus a few new features and surprises. I know that a few columnists are already working hard on articles for this special issue, so I urge you not to miss out. Cost will be \$3.00 (just like 3 issues) and will be deducted from your CS subscription, so try to keep your subscription current and up to date. There will be no Jan. 1, 1994 issue, because I'll be out of town. We'll have more details in the weeks to come as this thing starts to take shape.

Before I go, lemme say a couple of things about Scott Teal and his sheet, "Whatever Happened to...?" Scott and I may disagree on profanity, religion, possibly politics, but whatever the differences, this guy puts out one quality sheet. Do yourself a favor, send Scott three clams and get a copy at PO BOX 2781, Hendersonville, TN 37077. And tell him his buddy at CS sent you. Until next issue, I'm lonngg gone!!!



THE RAZOR'S EDGE

By Jimmy Berkley



Outrage over high salaries and/or contracts for certain guys in the business has been voiced in the sheets and the locker rooms many times over. I don't have any problems with what someone does or does not make in general. If you can get the big bucks, go for it whether your talent warrants it or not. The same goes for the ones who are evidently talented but don't compete in the same pay scale. This applies in everyday employment as well as pro wrestling. You are offered a job and a wage and it's up to you accept what's offered or go elsewhere but if you take it, don't bitch about the low pay since you had the opportunity to turn it down. Getting back to the core of it, professional wrestlers in WCW or WWF have a nice looking weekly gross but economic factors often reduce that sum down 50% which makes the net income much less. For example, let's take a semi-main worker from WCW who is on a \$100,000 a year contract. Not too shabby on the surface but let's do some mathematics on this "independent contractor's" typical week. Okay, with the above annual figure, that is a weekly gross of \$1923. Let's say he has six bookings, three in one state, two in another and one taping near Atlanta. Five average hotel rooms would be \$250-300 depending on the city so we'll use \$275. Three meals a day for 5 travel days would add up to \$40 or so a day or \$200 for the week. Then the split on the rental car and gas he rode in with two of the boys comes plus his gas in his own car to the tapings comes to \$150. Then you add in \$30 for workouts at Gold's or World Gym in strange cities (usually \$10 a pop), various toiletries say \$25, a few telephone calls \$20, plus a misc item list of tolls, tips and forgotten pieces of clothing might come up to another \$100 for the week. So at this point we subtract his weekly expense figure of \$800 from the gross of \$1923 which leaves him \$1123. Now subtract 20% from this figure for the Mike Rotunda man \$225 and health insurance of \$125 (single insurance thru most carriers on a pro athlete is \$500 to \$1000 a month). This guy now has a net take home of about \$773. You're still saying not bad right? Well, I guarantee I left out other expenses plus the figures I did use were lowball figures. Try getting a hotel room in LA or Chicago or Dallas for less than a Ben Franklin. Another facet of the above scenario which may have made it appear synthetic is the absence of partying expenses incurred. We assumed this is a nice, family guy with two kids and the wife back home in Atlanta. If we cross the median and use any one of the other workers who know every good bar in town, the remaining \$773 is history since \$100 a night in a hotel bar is nothing. Plus any worker who reads this would tell you the scenario I just used is rare since I didn't factor in nightly draws (which are taken from your check on payday) and as unfortunate as the truth is, cocaine plays into a lot of the workers lives as well as steroid purchases, two substances which both carry a high price tag in more ways than one. So you can see how the road can exhaust these funds quite rapidly but then you say what about the guys who make \$250,000 a year, they must take home a bunch even after expenses, right? Not necessarily since human nature kicks in and regardless of what we all do for a living, when tend to spend in accordance with our incomes, do we not? Then you've got a handful of guys who make above the \$500,000 mark. Three very smart wrestlers have parlayed these salaries into fitness centers and gyms with well known franchised names but in the same light, one of these guys who made \$750,000 two years ago had to borrow from Ted Turner \$300,000 to pay the IRS. Believe me, the money guys were making in 84-88 was better than it is now. When the Super Dome was drawing 20,000 fans in 1984, Sylvester Ritter was cashing weekly checks for \$3500 to \$4000, no shit. How much did he save? In 1985, I was riding down I-85 to Atlanta in Buddy Landel's Lincoln Town Car as I thumbed through a stack of check stubs from Jim Crockett Promotions he had in the dash from July to November. The lowest one I saw was for \$4700. The highest was \$8100. That's killer money folks even with expenses. I also saw checks for \$40 a night in Memphis and we all know some guys get stiffed at indy shows. It's well known that very few workers save money. I've heard a few that do and save smart are Brian Pillman, Jim Cornette, Stan Lane and Steve Borden. The ironic thing of this whole subject is that in the last few days, Wayne Gretzky signed a \$25.5 million dollar contract and Emmett Smith signed for I think \$13.5! The bizarre thing is the only expense WCW or WWF picks up is air fare, thats it! The NBA, NFL, NHL and MLB pay every thing including air, hotel, rental cars, all transportation, most meals and a daily spending per diem. The only expense Randall Cunningham or Fred McGriff would have would be a couple beers after the game and that's if the bartender lets you pay for them since your name generally allows you to eat and drink free. Oh I know, you can't even begin to compare the revenues of the NBA vs. the WWF but still, isn't the gap astounding considering more people probably know who Randy Savage is than a no name NFL defensive back with a million dollar salary? Go figure.

Quickly, so not to bore anyone with my mega-pro WCW comments which "fall on deaf ears", I wanted to mention how many times have we read in the sheets for the last three years about WCW going bankrupt, running in the red, shutting down because of no profit, etc. Excuse me but wake up! I honestly don't mean to always talk about Turner's latest buy out or developments but I'm a realist. When a company pays \$345 million, yep I said million to the NBA for programming privileges, you might wonder why it might concern him that WCW doesn't always run in the black. Simply, because Turner Broadcasting has a positive cash flow and the advertising stills sells high for the 6:05 PM TBS show on Saturdays.

I love reading Chris Zavisa's column in the TORCH. The movie-wrestling connection was cool. Chris, can you do one soon with newer movies?.....The Jerry Jarrett interview in the TORCH was tremendous! The Tully interview in FLYER wasn't too bad either.....If Sean Michaels is really in the situation that is being talked about, I would love to see him in Atlanta. This guy is legitimately the best personality in pro wrestling in my book plus has the talent to back it up. Ditch Diesel though, as much as I like Nash and the Vinnie Vegas gimmick (I'm serious, it had potential but WCW didn't do it right), Michaels would be tremendous with Fytech or Hyatt, but the bodyguard thing sux, makes him look too much like a wus.....New movie THE PROGRAM has a quick but powerful scene where a lineman is having someone's clean urine pumped into his bladder via a penal cathader (ouch) in order to pass a monitored steriod test for the NCAA. I've heard of this happening in college and the NFL, I wonder if it happens in the biz?.....

I feel both of the big two are missing the boat on one type of gimmick. WCW attempted pitifully with P.N. News and now WWF with M.O.M. but still the next level would probably be a bit controversial but never the less I feel successful. I'm talking about a full fledged "gang banger" character complete with either all the slang talk, intro theme, dress and perhaps a name like South Central 187 or Compton 187. If the guy or guys they used adhered to the "character type" of Dr. Dre, Ice Cube or Snoop Dog, it would be cool. Plus, if you listen to current rap like Dre or Snoop, they use carry talk quite often and it is used on the street in real life so as not for the wrong person to understand what one is saying to the other. Seriously, there is alot more to why this is and the actual intro of carry to wrestling. Maybe some one will use the idea, that's fine. Actually, my sister and I came up with the Van Hammer/Maxx Payne (Metal Head w/ guitar gimmick) way back in 1983 and used it in some indie shows in South Carolina back then. Since we are discussing ethnic characters, in Puerto Rico Ricky Santana gets ultimate heat by doing his interviews in English and although the announcer speaks Spanish and Santana understands it, this is considered bad by the Puerto Rican fans since he refuses to speak the native language in reply. Maybe you have to see it to understand it but seriously, it works.

Enjoyed a couple weekends ago in Miami with all the South Florida bad boys like Rose, Lederberg, Flaherty and talked with Bowdren on the phone (gotta get you outta the casa next time dude). Even met the HELMUT drummer's dad, Greg Goode, just kidding Greg. Actually, Greg seems to be the sanest of them all down there. Then this past weekend, Lemieux, Qualmann and Tony Aragona went to the Tampa indie with Dibiase, Sullivan and the Bodies. Great show, enjoyed it, I sat silently in awe as these three gave hell to just about every worker on the show. Qualmann took a bump from Sully

and the Sheik no showed. What was neat was two guys from Detroit were pissed and began a "Sheik, Sheik" chant after Spivey took his place. Hey Mickey Jay, how'd those wake up slaps from Ted feel? Then later that night, my man Tony A. damn near starts a race riot in 2001 on Dale Mabry Blvd. That's about it for this month. Just wanted to shout out to my four year old son, I love You Justin!

Jimmy

NERVE ENDINGS

BY PETE LEDERBERG

First of all, I'd like to compliment John Hitchcock, especially on his last two covers. The Yokuzuna cover was hilarious. I met Hitch back in May of 91, and he was a really good guy. Also for anyone interested in the DKLA geeks, I've discovered why they don't use their real names. DK Peligro's real name would be a great punchline to a Pat Patterson or Mel Phillips joke (for anyone really interested, his real name is actually in Chairshots #9 in a separate article). Anyway, on to interview with Tom Nash, the final chapter?

PL: First, a question from Brian Tramel: "Why did you let Dave Heath fuck your wife?"

TN: In the very beginning I didn't let anyone do anything. When those two started fucking around, our marriage was already over. I only saw her for about four weeks before we got married. On week #5 (the week after we got married), she went to Japan for four weeks. Up until then, which was seven days, we weren't getting along at all. I was doing my own thing, she was doing hers, whatever that is. We separated about 30 times within the year we were married. Dave Heath, my ex-partner, was living with us because he had no where else to live at the time. Whatever they were doing I didn't know about, and basically I didn't care. I really didn't care for her any more. As for him, at the beginning, we got along really well, but he has a very childish personality, he never wanted to pay his way, but wanted everything, which is another story in itself. He's basically the type of person that if he ever won the lottery, all he would do is complain about paying the taxes; if you gave him the keys to the castle, he'd probably hang himself. She on the other hand is in her own little world, and doesn't understand why no one else is in there with her. While people reading this might say "sour grapes, sour grapes", I say blue balls. In the beginning, Heath and I teamed together on local stuff, and you really don't know someone until you're stuck on the road with them. In Calgary, I went up there by myself for a little while as Tom Nash, then went home, which is another story in itself. I ran into Dave Heath who trained at the school where I first trained, and it seemed that we could wrestle well together, or maybe he was just a good listener. I got us into Calgary through Bruce Hart, and came up with the idea of The Blackhearts, and after one week, Heath left because he was homesick. I had to find another partner immediately, because I stayed there about another five months. When things got slow in Calgary I returned to Florida, I ran into him again, and bygones were bygones. Through one way or another, and my very good friend Jimmy Suzuki, we wound up going to Japan, a golden opportunity, if not a bronze or platinum. All Dave Heath would do was complain that he wanted to go home. I felt like I didn't need this shit, and I told him, and all of a sudden he straightened out, which I took to mean that he finally was acting like an adult. This was before UWF or Tri-State. The bottom line is this is a business and he was like a business partner. I did not mention this to Luna or Gertrude (her real name), but in the back of my mind I knew that I'd need to find a new partner. Luna and I were separated at this time. So at this time I started training with different people without their knowledge. In Tri-State, we'd do local appearances at sports shops and roller skating rinks (basically autograph sessions) and we were payed well for literally doing nothing. He wouldn't want to wear his outfit nor his mask there, he just wanted to show up and collect the money, which is ludicrous. So this is where I decided, and I told Luna, that I wasn't going to put up with his crybaby shit any more. So to be completely honest, I never really payed attention to what either one of them did, but once I mentioned that I wanted to get rid of him to her, that's when I got the first taste that something was going on between the two of them. So I put two and two together when she started saying ludicrous things in his defense. I personally don't pretend to be an angel in any way; I didn't give a shit what they were doing, all I wanted to do was wrestle, but not with him, because he was becoming a pain in the ass. I wanted a partner that wanted to make it in wrestling as much as I did, and he wasn't it.

PL: Have you seen Heath lately, any lingering hostilities, have you ever tried to get even?

TN: I haven't seen him lately, maybe because he's a vampire now, and only comes out at night. There's no hostility, neither of them matter at all. If they do good fine, if they don't, it just doesn't matter. As far as getting even with them, I did it the best way I could, I let them have each other.

PL: Is it true that hardcore fans in Tri-State would yell things at you, like why do you do all the work, can't you find a better partner, are you really married to that, did she get those tattoos in prison, etc.?

TN: It's really funny, to change the subject for a second, when Chris Love was managing us in Memphis, he mentioned to me that "the hardcore fans like you, I don't know if that's good or bad". To me, it's good, because some of the things they say are unbelievable, they are fucking rough. I do in fact remember walking down to the ring one time, trying to be my gimmick, and fans yelling at me why don't you get another partner, you do all the work anyways. I was walking by myself, I kinda laughed, but then I said to myself, I sure hope they can tell us apart.

PL: I've heard through the grapevine that you and Luna are back together.

TN: You've heard it through the grapevine, who told you that, Marvin Gaye, I thought he was dead.

PL: Wasn't he screwed over by his own family?

TN: Who Luna or Marvin Gaye?

PL: I better leave it at that.

TN: I probably haven't seen her in a year, thank god. And I hope that streak continues for a long time.

PL: Since leaving WCW, have you done anything, any plans, anecdotes, etc.?

TN: Since leaving WCW, I've had a bad taste in my mouth, no more Luna jokes please! I've kind of disassociated myself from wrestling the last few months, but just recently my good buddy Dennis "the menace" Carlluzo, has motivated me towards wrestling again. So I think I have a lot of stuff coming up in the near future up in the Northeast, and I love working independents up there.

PL: You already listed Jimmy Suzuki and Dennis Carlluzo as good friends in the business. In a cut-throat business like this, do you feel like you have any other really good friends?

TN: I consider Dave Johnson so far a pretty good friend. When I go over to Japan, Dory Funk Jr, Del Wilkes, Steve Williams, Terry Gordy, Abdullah the Butcher and Masa Fuchi I consider great people to be around. Stateside, I think Dory Funk Jr is a legend, terrific person and really cool, Kevin Sullivan has tried to help me a lot. The Lightning "1-2-3" Kid has been my friend forever, since day one. In Memphis, Bill Smithson, Jeff Jarrett, and Richard Lee are all really good guys. I got along really well with Larry Winters and Johnny HotBody in Tri-State.

PL: Earlier you said hardcore fans really seem to like you. Do you consider them friend or foe?

TN: I really wish the hard-core rats really liked me. Some of them, like you Pete, I've known since I was fourteen years old.

PL: Are you calling me a rat?

TN: That's sick, I'm calling you a hardcore. Others, I really don't give a fuck what they have to say, I'd rather sit down and read a good X-Men comic book, than read their whining, complaining, opinionated bullshit on what they could do to make this business a better place for everyone. There's these two geeks down in Miami, that I refer to as the Marks brothers. One in particular, I believe his name is Craig Conehead.

PL: Do you mean Craig Cohen, because I know him.

TN: That's him, the fat bastard with the glasses. He's always claiming he's known me since I was a kid. I never met that jerk-off until about four years ago. And then there's the border-line people, like the booker.

PL: Do you mean Jeff Bowdren?

TN: He seems alright, but he's nothing more than an acquaintance, and he doesn't make any sense to me. He's always complaining about this pay-per-view, this show, or how could anyone fire Ric Flair? But he never wants to pay for anything, he never pays for a pay-per-view, he never pays to see Flair, he always wants free tickets for everything. Maybe if people like him actually payed for some of these things, maybe some of their favorites wouldn't get fired. It might show they have drawing power, not freebie power. I mean wrestlers make their living off of pay-per-views, if you give everything away for free it may as well be a hobby. Then there's Barry Rose who claims to know me for a long time, I don't remember meeting him until about four months ago.

PL: Come on, I know you've known Barry longer than that.

TN: OK, as much as I hate to admit it, I have known him longer.

PL: Any final thoughts?

TN: Yeah, one final thought, does anyone know where I can get an Iceman figure (of the X-Men)?

FOREIGN AFFAIRS by Dave Scherer

Back to Deliverance-An in depth look at the 9\18 ECW SuperShow.

When we arrived at the show, we heard commissioner\owner\promoter Tod Gordon in the ring announcing that ECW was now part of the NWA and that in two weeks there would be an NWA\ECW card at the ECW Arena. By the time we got in, the first match was under way pitting the debuting tag team of Public Enemy, which consisted of Rocco Rock and Johnny Grunge, against two jobronies (Jason Knight and Ian Rotten). It was a squash as the Public Enemy destroyed their opponents. Rock did lots of lucha style moves and I was told that he is Ted Petty, who has wrestled independents in the Northeast as the Cheetah Kid for years. Rock, who looked good, pinned Rotten with a flip from the top rope. They aired the match on the TV show this week.

Next up was Hitman Tony Stetson defending the ECW Pennsylvania Heavyweight Title against Tommy Cairo. Stetson is a local guy who has never been afraid to bleed and brawl and this match was no exception. Cairo is a fairly new guy who is pretty big, but still green. He worked better than I have ever seen him on Saturday and the match was pretty exciting. Finish came when Stetson clocked Cairo with the belt while Stetson's manager Hunter Q. Robbins III distracted the ref. ***

In a battle of warring former partners, Super Destroyer 1, the face, beat Super Destroyer 2 in a mask vs mask match. Not a whole lot here, and it ended when 1 pinned 2 with a back splash. After the match, Super D. 1 grabbed the house mic and claimed he was the only masked man left in ECW. This, of course, was news to the Dark Patriot (Doug Gilbert) who showed his displeasure with a chairshot (no pun intended) to the back of Super D. 1. Patriot and Super D. 2 then gave Super D. 1 two stuff piledrivers on the chair. Jazzy J. T. Smith made the save and he and the Dark Patriot climbed the scaffold and began their match. The match itself deserved maybe a star, and the post match angle was pretty good. Add it all up, * 3\4.

Dark Patriot won the scaffold match when he pushed Smith off after throwing salt in his eyes. This match was set up a few month's back when Patriot forced Smith to take a 15 to 20 foot bump from the Crow's Nest at a TV taping. On that day, Patriot jumped on Smith, from the nest, when he got up. From the floor, it was really hard to see the match when they were in the middle of the plank. Being the college graduate that I am, I got the bright idea to watch the action via the shadows of the men on the wall. It worked well. This kind of match limits what the guys can do. Doug's OK and Smith, when given a chance, is pretty talented. They worked an injury when Smith's knee hit the mat. After Smith got up, they teased Gilbert jumping on him again, and the crowd was yelling for him to do so, but after leading them on, he thought better of it and walked down the railing. **

Onto the no DQ Bunkhouse Tornado brawl. Stan Hansen and Terry Funk beat Abdullah the Butcher and Kevin Sullivan when Eddie Gilbert interfered and nailed Funk with a Chairshot, causing a DQ. Real consistent booking Paul E. Sullivan took Funk's place, though the promotion never said why. I was told that Eddie was allowed to appear at the last second by Gordon, so apparently the story where Gilbert owns 49% of the company is bogus. The match itself was a great brawl. Lots of blood, great bumps, and foreign objects. They used chairs, the scaffold, and Sullivan even hit Funk with the ringside bell hammer. During the brawl after the match, when Gilbert was fighting with Funk, the world's worst cretin, a fan who is the poster boy for Deliverance mutants, threw a chair at Funk and Gilbert. Luckily, Funk saw it and blocked the chair. What an asshole. Angle from the match saw Abby hit Gilbert by accident and Sullivan turned on the "Madman from the Sudan." Great stuff. ****.

A 15 minute intermission followed. We walked around the arena and, to my shock, saw a table where a guy, who I will not name, was selling illegal bootleg wrestling videos from practically every promotion in the world. For those of you who miss the irony in all this, ECW has threatened many tape dealers with prosecution for selling their tapes, and yet they are sticking a knife in Jim Cornette's, et al, back by letting a dealer sell bootlegs of their stuff for, presumably, a piece of the action. Always remember, wrestling promoter = lowlife scumbag. Eddie Gilbert was also selling autographs. As intermission ended, Gilbert made a speech about how he could not reach a contract agreement with ECW, but we should continue to support the promotion.

After a few announcements about future cards, we had the mixed gender battle royal. Very uneventful, with the exception of Angel allowing her breasts to be exposed for the second consecutive supershow. Tigra won when she pushed Angel over the top. DVD.

Wildman Sal Bellomo, who Don Muraco once called "Mr. Potato Head with Pipecleaner arms", beat Sir Richard Michaels in a strap match. Michaels looked pretty good. Sal had strapped Michaels three times when the Rockin' Rebel returned and attacked Sal with a chair and the strap. Sal was bleeding from the nose and mouth when he finally left the ring. ** 1\4.

Heel ECW Champ Shane Douglas, managed by booker Paul E. Dangerously, retained the belt over the Sandman when he rolled through a press from the top rope. Shane worked as the Larry Zbysko type heel, using a lot of stalling and out of ring crap. He told the crowd, "Philadelphia kiss my ass." Real original way to get heat Shane. He could be a good heel if he works like Pillman or Flair. I always like Sandman. He is not overly talented, but he works his ass off and takes great bumps. ** 3\4.

Ah, the main event. It was announced that The Pa. Athletic Commission would not allow them to put barbed wire on the bat, which really pissed the crowd off. I was told that Gordon forgot to bring the wire with him. In one of the most amazing brawls that I have ever seen, The Headhunters beat Miguel Perez Jr. and Crash the Terminator in what became "just" a baseball bat match when one of the Hunters pinned Crash with the top rope moonsault. For those who have never seen the Hunters, they are about 5'7" and 320 pounds. And good. Crash is big, but pretty talented and Perez is also pretty good. These guys took some of the stiffest shots I have ever seen. The hardcore Philly crowd really enjoyed the W*ING style. Crash threw one of the Hunters completely through a wall and then tossed the other into the first row of seats, wiping out practically the whole section. At one point, a fan handed Perez a chair and he hit a Hunter, frontways, with it. Ouch! All four bled like pigs. It was the most brutal live match I have ever seen. ****3\4.

Epilogue: Matches announced for the 10\1 and 10\2 shows, dubbed NWA Bloodfeast, are: In a cage, the Headhunters vs Public Enemy in an NWA tag Title Tourney match; Terry Funk vs Jimmy Snuka for the latter's TV Title in a cage. If Funk loses, he will never be able to wrestle for any ECW title again; Abdullah vs Kevin Sullivan, plus appearances by Sabu. On TV this week, it was announced that the tape of the 9\18 show is already available. They aired lots of clips too. Until next time...

SMOKY MOUNTAIN HOTSPOTS

BY TIM WHITEHEAD

It seems to be time for yet another edition of SM Hotspots (the SM stands for Smoky Mountain, proving that Butch Bigelow did not write this column). Mark Madden has taken quite a few hits in this "brutal little piece of crap rag" in recent issues, but Mark and I have something in common. We both got nixed from the WCW Hotline by Sharon Sidello. Big deal, I didn't really want the job, anyway! So there!

A lot has happened in SMW over the last few weeks. Almost too much. The recent TV has contained, as someone once said, more angles than a Chinese pagoda. While Jim Cornette was racked up in bed recovering from Bob Armstrong's piledrivers, his sinister, devious mind conjured up a virtual plethora of diabolical plots and wicked schemes to torment his nemesis. Thus, Terry Funk invaded Knoxville on 9/12 and walloped Bob with a branding iron to give Cornette the commissionership of SMW. And on 9/17 in Johnson City, The Black Ninja downed Bob in a "Loser Must Retire" match. The Funk vs. Armstrong bout was great but with all due respect the Black Ninja thing was pretty lame and a big letdown to fans who were expecting Yokozuna or someone of that magnitude to appear as Cornette's hitman. In any event, Cornette is now commissioner (though soon to be impeached) and Bob is history (though soon to return as The Bullet).

The angle they're running where Chris Candito has to wear the baby bonnet is perfect for his "crybaby" character. It's also "borrowed" from the old Knoxville-based Southeastern promotion of the late seventies, but that's OK because Japan's Michinoku Pro Wrestling group plans to "borrow" liberally from SMW. I know some Japanese but I'm still curious to find out what the Japanese equivalent of "stupid redneck" will be.

You know what I can't stand? So-called "smart fans" who just have to let the casual fans know how supposedly "smart" they are. Tracy Smothers signs autographs and sells his gimmicks at SMW house shows. At the most recent show I attended, Tracy was hard at work again, and was wearing a knee brace to sell the "injury" he sustained when Brian Lee and Dirty White Boy tried to put him out. Now all of you reading this know full well that Tracy isn't really injured, and that he was actually on a tour of All Japan during his three weeks on the sidelines. But the first thing I said to Tracy that night was, "How's the knee doing?" And we proceeded to discuss the injury as if it were real. Why? Because dozens of casual fans were standing around, that's why! They know I do some writing and reporting because they've seen me taking notes on my little pad for years around here, so this brief conversation helped put the injury over as legitimate. I can kayfabe with the best of 'em! And I'll guarantee that Tracy and everyone else in SMW appreciated that a lot more than if I went around "bragging" to every fan in the building that I know where Tracy really was during his absence.

I love all the subliminal signals to hardcore fans that SMW has been inserting into their TV shows recently. During one of Cornette's interviews from his sickbed, he was wearing a T-shirt from John Hitchcock's "Parts Unknown" comic book store. He also asked Jimmy Del Ray to bring him a copy of the Observer. On another show, Dutch Mantel was heaping praise on Cornette in an obvious attempt to "butter up" the new commissioner. Rick Morton came out and said Dutch was trying to "put over" his job. But my favorite occurred when Bobby Blaze was introduced as the new Jr. Heavyweight Champion. Chris Candito came out to ridicule the title, but conceded that Blaze had defeated a formidable list of opponents in the tournament to crown the champion. The wrestlers Blaze allegedly defeated to capture this belt were Bobby & Jackie Fulton, Jushin Liger (which is pretty funny in and of itself), and J.R. Benson! For those of you who didn't attend Fanweek, J.R. Benson is the name California fan Jeff Benson used when portraying a wrestler in the underground videos shot on 8/15 at the Grand Hotel. By the way, those videos are gonna be true cult classics!

Here are some more random thoughts:

- **Jimmy Del Ray is hilarious on interviews and especially during those sickbed skits with Cornette.
- **I'm afraid Ron Wright may actually have a heart attack if Tammy Fytch keeps giving him those backrubs.
- **My favorite restaurant in Johnson City is The Magic Wok. The waitress named Melody (real name Jianlin Chen from Nanking, China) is really cute. Oh, and the Chinese cuisine is excellent.

See ya next month!

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CHAIRSHOTS WELCOMES ALL LETTERS, COMMENTS AND
CRITICISMS. ALL LETTERS ARE PRESUMED FOR PUB-
LICATION UNLESS REQUESTED OTHERWISE.

Mr...Barry...Rose,
Your newsletter is the most brutal, barbaric
piece of crap rag I have ever seen. The column-
ists that you have (Bowdren, Terry, etc.) are
lunatics spreading garbage about the Torch and
The Observer! Talking about Mark Madden like
that! Telling (well, hinting at) sweet, innocent
people like Toni Adams! ALL OF YOU ARE GOING TO
HELL!! That being said, here's some \$\$ for my
subscription. I figure the road to hell gets
lonely, so you'll need some company.

ROBERT LEE SOLARI II
DETROIT, MI

Barry,
I'd like a free copy and \$\$ worth of a subscrip-
tion, even if it sucks, which I hear it don't,
what's \$\$?

BILL LEVINE
OAKLAND, CA

Dear Barry,
I am writing in total support of the comments
made by Darrell Dickens in issue 10; particularly
those about Butch Bigelow. He's like the bad
apple of the bunch. Like Darrell, I do not find
comedians the least bit funny since that is what
they are attempting to be. After reading his
letter several times I am convinced that uninten-
tional humor is always the best. Dump Bigelow
before it is too late. He's nothing but a third
rate Statey Wayne Manor, anyway; and I'm not
the only one who thinks so. Other than that you
are doing a good job. Take my advice-double up
on Pete Lederberg and dump Bigelow.

VIC STANLEY
CHICAGO, IL

(ED. NOTE: We took your advice, at least for this
issue.)

Dear Mr. Rose,
I was recently given a copy of your (ahem) news-
letter. Imagine my surprise when I found my name
mentioned. And I don't even like wrestling! You
just better watch your step or you'll find your
ass sued! Remember, I work at the courthouse with
that stupid columnist of yours! Anyway, if you don't
print an immediate retraction, I'm gonna sue, or
write my congressman, or hold my breath until I turn
blue, or something! Your crummy newsletter discrimin-
ates against pregnant women! And by the way, I'll
have you know that I'm one of those women who "glows"
during her pregnancy.

Pregnant, ready to drop, and looking for a husband...

LIZETTE LOPEZ
123 LABOR PAIN WAY
BIRTH CANAL, FL

Barry,
After reading CS #10, I finally felt compelled
to write a letter to a sheet. One of only a
chosen few seem to be important enough to make
it in the other sheets. I gave up long ago. I
feel "more at home" with CS. Your lineup of
columnists seem like the type of guys you'd
really want to meet at a riotous get together.
I look forward to each issue. It honestly keeps
getting better. Hope I don't get put in the
corner with a dunce hat for brown nosing, but
it's an honest opinion. CS has become no. 2 on
my list easily. Your views on Jake kinda hit
home with me. I had wanted to mention this
before, but there isn't a forum out there
for everyone. During Jake's last stint with
WCW, I was in a corridor with several other
fans awaiting to see the wrestlers at the
Omni. There's usually a very young lady, who
is a convalescent, in a rolling bed with IV's
running to her arms and she's usually hooked
up to an oxygen tank. Jake always took the
time to talk to her privately. I'll never
forget seeing her give him a gift once, and
him with a huge smile opening the package,
which gave the girl an even bigger smile.
Much like yourself, that's the way I choose
to remember Jake. In closing, Berkley's
comments on Madden last issue were a bullseye.
Double thumbs up on Foreign Affairs. Keep up
the fine work!

LENIS SARGENT
GAINESVILLE, GA

Dear Barry,
I keep telling myself that it's only wrestling,
but after getting Torch #244 yesterday, and CS
today-here I go again. Wade's AAA feature made
me want to puke. I was at the show. It was the
best I've seen since the Dolos-Blassie Olympic
Auditorium bloodfests of 1969-70. But the actual
wrestling was secondary. The heat made the show-
the "Anti-American" heat! Boy Wade goes nuts over
Watts' remarks regarding blacks. If WWF or WCW
were packing houses using Mexicans as scapegoat
heels, his computer would overheat. I'm afraid
his analytical thought processes are limited to
pre-critiquing PPVs. I especially loved phantom
promoter Heyman's observation, "It's racist to
say they drew Hispanics." HUH!! There weren't
more than 100 caucasians in the building. Hey
Scherer! With Wade's tongue now attached to
Ron Skoler's "exit", you can bet Mexican
wrestlers are on this years poll.

BOB BARNETT
SANTA MONICA, CA

CHAIRSHOTS

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